

Chuckles

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B. C. Hilliam

THIS NONSENSE

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Chuckles

“Fine Words Butter No Parsnips”

THE AUTHOR



JUN 17 1920





Chuckles

THIS IDIOCY BY
JOHN CARVER ALDEN

ILLUSTRATIONS BY
B. C. HILLIAM



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FORE LINES

While "The Odyssey" of Homer is unquestionably fine,

It may not be compared with this Idiocy of mine.
Comparisons are odious; my verse is different,
quite,

From that of Mr. Homer's, which is far more
erudite.

C H U C K L E S

A PLEA FOR NONSENSE

In moments of anguish how often we find
Some frivolous thought is engrossing the mind.
'Tis Nature's relief for the overwrought brain,
That, otherwise, might not have withstood the
strain.

Quite possible that, if taken in season,
This nonsense may save some tottering reason.

COUPLETS AND QUATRAINS



B. C. Williams

AN APOLOGY

With lovely themes my brain fair teems,
When I am far from pen and ink.
But what I cannot understand
Is why—with pen and ink at hand—
My stupid mind seems on the blink.

TRUE DEMOCRACY

“Mah friend,” said Col. Moseby Yards
(Towards games of chance the Col. leans),
“We recognize, when slipping cyards,
The right divine of Kings and Queens.”

MENS SANA

On shaking my furnace (a figure for mind)
In its refuse of ashes and clinkers,
This one feeble spark I happened to find—
That musicians are always sound thinkers.



AN EPITAPH

Until her blest abode this gossip gained,
In ignorance of much, the Lord remained.

A FIGHTING CHANCE

O, would I were an Eskimo,
A-drift upon an Arctic floe:
For there, 'twere possible to quell
The spirit of the H. C. L.

PEERAGE IN THE ANIMAL KINGDOM

Were knighthood known to that "low-class,"
A belted earl would be the Ass.
The Zebra with its many a stripe,
Were still the Ass's prototype.

TO A CROCUS

Of all the shameless birds I know,
The meanest is the thieving Crow.
And why in him do I find flaws?
A woman's reason—just be-caws!

A SMOKE WREATH

To sing thy praise, beloved pipe.
I smite the Poet's lyre.
And pay, while Muse hath fervid gripe,
This homage to my briar.

AFTER DINNER COFFEE

The diff'rence 'twixt this cup and Flub,
Said Snodkins—dining at his club—
The cup is just a demi-tasse,
While Flub's a most consummate Ass.

A VEXED QUESTION SETTLED

(*From Log Found in the Ark Hives*)

Noah was the founder of the A. P. (i) A-ry.
Later, we find Hamlet in a quan-d-ary.
'Twould seem as if the fact his mind quite failed
to seize—
Else, why raise the question concerning those two
bees?



B. C. H.

SALINITY

For being too fresh, Mrs. Lot was turned into
A pillar of salt. Be it known to those kin to
The lady here named, i.e., the o'er curious,
That over-much salt is highly injurious.

PRESENTATION AT COURT

“Well, what is the charge?” (The Sergeant
seemed huffy.)

’Twas the cop’s first arrest; he’d dragged in two
men.

“Begorra,” quoth Pat, “yez naden’t git shtuffy,
It’s chape at foive dollars. Oi’d orter git ten.”



A TOAST

Let whoever will name the Father of Waters—
He also may christen the sons and the daughters.
As she rolls to the Gulf in toggery drippy,
I give you—the Mother—our own Mrs. Sippi.

ADVANTAGES OF THE ABLATIVE

The Ass hath speech! For proof of it
See statement made in **Holy Writ**.
While many asses at this day
Profess to speak, they do but bray.

LAMENTABLE

(*A Parody*)

Of all sad words of tongue or quill,
The saddest are these: “Please pay this bill!”



B. C. Hillian.

C H U C K L E S

REVISION DOWNWARD

Time was when we could well afford
To pay our tithes unto the Lord.
But since high prices have the call,
The Devil seems to get it all.

DREAM STUFF

There was an old lady named Weymss,
Who used to have horrible dreymss.
Kept her neighbors awake
By the bedlam she'd make
Emitting her ear-splitting screymss.



B. E. Williams

A MODERN NARCISSUS

He stands in garb nocturnal dressed
Ere turning off the light,
With lips against the mirror pressed,
To kiss himself “Good-night.”

IN FRIENDSHIP'S NAME

In friendship's name
how many use us,
And then most shame-
fully abuse us.

THE PHILOSOPHER'S CREED

'Tis dusty when it's dry;
'Tis muddy when it rains.
But what's the odds, say I,
An we remove the stains?



B. E. Hill, III.

INTESTATE

That Spifkins left no will seemed odd.
“Not so”—a wit denied.
“ ’Twas broken by his wife, ecod!
Long years before he died!”

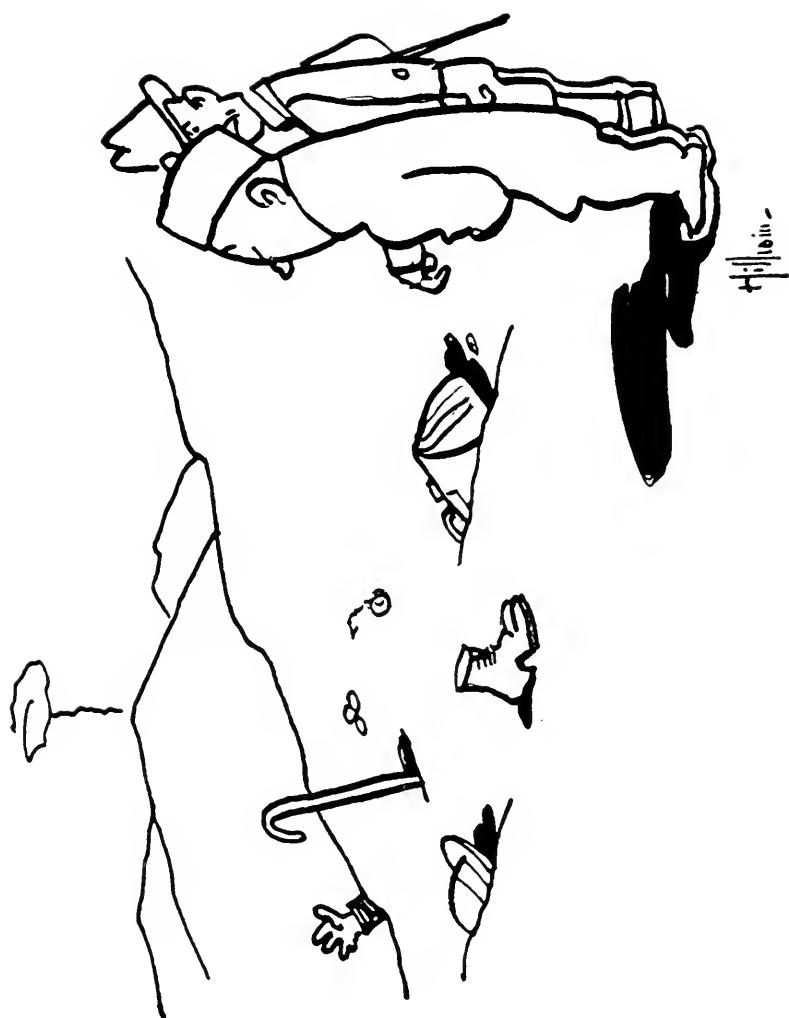
LEGENDARY

The changes wrought by Fashion’s whims
Extend, ’twould seem, to nether limbs.
Once, fair maids would fain conceal ’em.
Now, so dress as to reveal ’em.





LIMERICKS



OWED TO THE LIMERICK

When minus a venomous sting,
The Limerick's a mighty good thing.
 For in it, you know,
 One can let himself go,
And shoot, as it were, on the wing.

AN ALLEGORY

There was a gay Widow in Leeds,
Who planted her Garden with Seeds.
 But she found to her Cost,
 That her Labor was lost,
For nothing would grow there but Weeds.

AN INVOLUNTARY TARRY

A Dealer in Coffees in Havre,
Long since to buy Goods, went to Java.
 Convulsions volcanic
 Disturbed Things organic.
He's there to this Day in the Lava.

NEEDS SIFTING

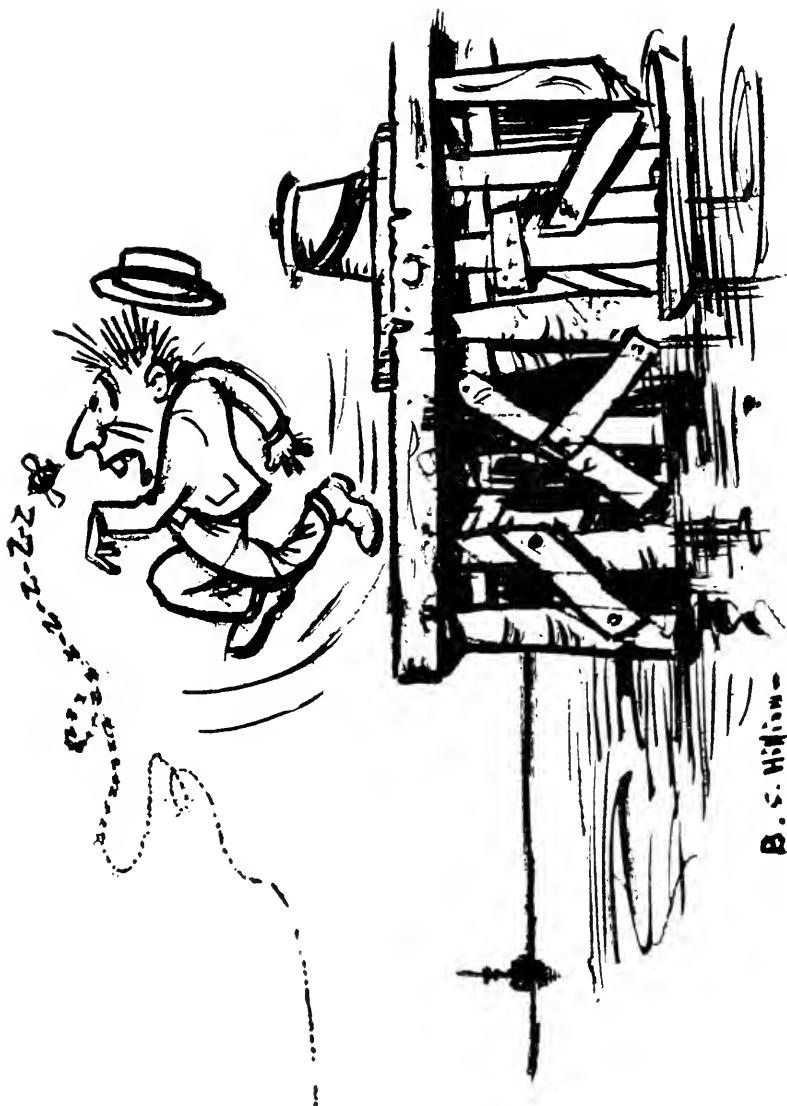
There's anthracite Coal and bituminous;
Their Prices, however, are ruinous.
 In their Beds let them lie,
 As in mine so shall I.
The Reason I think's fairly luminous.

PEEVED

There was a young Woman in Dexter,
Whose Parents said something that vexed her.
 To a Jelly she beat them,
 And proceeded to eat them.
Which same, you'll admit, quite unsexed her.

A BLUE STREAK

He stood at the end of the Quay,
While watching a Ship put to Suay.
 It was through a blue Haze
 He directed his gaze,
When stung on the Nose by a buay.



B. S. Hiltner

AN AMAZING TALE

An Englishman, home from Hong-Kong,
Determined, it seems, to go wrong.
For he entered a Maze,
Where he ended his Days.
Requiescat in Pace. Ding-Dong!

A CELESTIAL TALE

There was an old Chink in Shang-hai,
Who said to some Friends: "See me fly!"
Tied his Kite to his Queue,
And sailed into the blue,
The Watchers all yelling: "Ki-yi!"

DEATH IN THE POT

Said the Chef to a Turtle one day:
"Come into my Kitchen, I pray."
But the Turtle replied:
"Thanks; I'll stay here outside."
Some Impulses one should obey.



SOME ALTITUDE

I met up with a Chap from Fayal,
Who was 9 Feet and 12 Inches tall.

Had he been any higher,

You'd have called me a Liar.

Still, he *may* have grown some since last Fall.

A FAR CRY

A Spinster, one Caroline Kent.

Whose Life had been sadly miss-spent.

Cried: "Long have I tarried;

I want to get married.

Kind Heaven! Please send me a Gent!"

A SUCCESSFUL ALIBI

A bestial Celestial, Lam Chop,
Was done to his Death by a Cop.

Facts Jury derided—

Said Chop suey-cided,

And there let the whole Matter drop.



JUST CAUSE

A Woman who lived in Chicago
Incessantly played Haendel's Largo.
Her Husband, a coarse Brute,
Just won his Divorce Suit
By going no farther than Fargo.

THE WAY TO THE HEART

Said a Dog-fish—"I frankly will own
That I'm sick of this living alone.
If one's to be had,
I'll marry a shad,
Then I'll always be sure of a Bone."

A TRUE SPORT

A Sportsman who lived in Bombay,
For Work, stalked the Tiger by Day.
But his greatest Delight
Was to buck him by Night—
For this he considered mere Play.



B. C. Williams

C H U C K L E S

A SCANT OCTAVE

A Basso, who lived in Toledo,
Tried singing the Scale à la Guido.
Sang do—re—mi—fa,
Sometimes sol—seldom la;
Quite out of his reach, though, were ti—do.

AN IRASCIBLE SEAMAN

A Sailor, who shipped 'fore the Mast,
Cried: "Ahoy! Belay there! Avast!"
When he found the Ship's Tonnage
Wouldn't hold all his Dunnage,
And then went ashore hard and fast.



THE POWER OF MUSIC

Said His Grace unto Leopold de Meyer,
Who had played with great Vigor and Fire,
 “I will pledge you my Word,
 Of all Players I’ve heard,
There’s not one that with you can perspire.”

A SUPERSTITIOUS BUYER

A Mule was shipped on from Brazil.
Consignee would not pay the Bill—
 Not a Cent would he pay,
Till he heard the brute bray.
Said: “I’ll not buy a Mule that brays ill.”



AN ART STUDY

An Artist, whose Painting was crude,
Would persist in depicting the nude.
His Work was so sad.
'Twas not even bad.
And so it escaped being lewd.



R. C. Gorman

INDIVIDUAL SALTS



Hillelson —

“SAL ATTICUM”

An ex-Sailor, Ex-haler of Malt,
Which his Wife seemed to think was a Fault;
For his Language emphatic,
She shipped to the Attic,
Deeming that the best Place for her Salt.

“CUM GRANO SALIS”

The Husband of one, Arabella,
Had stoked on a twin-screw Propeller.
I have recently learned
She has had him interred,
And now keeps her Salt in the Cellar.

SHAKEN BEFORE TAKEN

A Physician there was who took ill.
He prescribed for himself—took a Pill.
Then he took to his Bed,
Where they found him stone dead.
In his Hand, madly clutched, was his Bill.

AVOIDING FRICTION

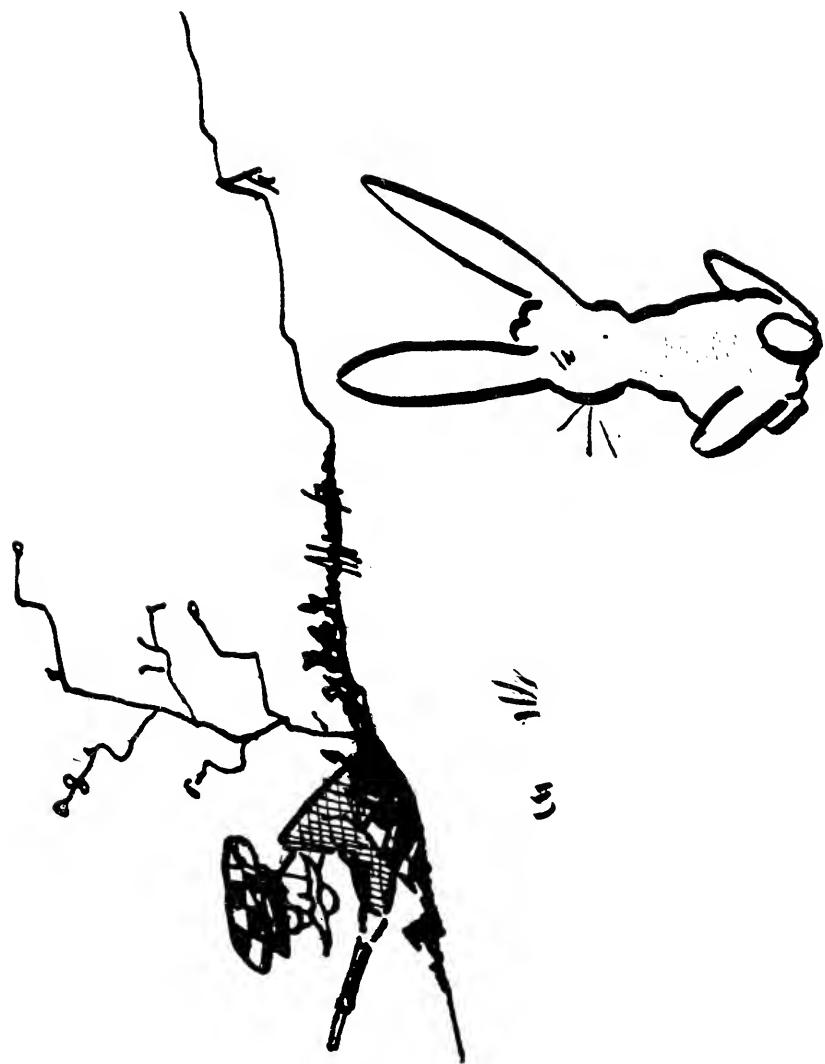
There was an old, ugly Curmudgeon,
Who once, in a State of high Dudgeon,
Seized two little Boys,
Who were making a Noise,
And smeared them all over with Gudgeon.

A PHILOSOPHICAL ANGLER

A Sportsman went fishing in Maine.
From biting, the Fish did abstain.
Still, he caught a small Eel,
Which he said made him feel
As though he'd not labored in vain.

A DISGRUNTLED NIMROD

A Sportsman went hunting in Maine.
He looked for big Game, but in vain.
At last saw a Rabbit;
Exclaimed then: "O, dab it!
To shoot that blamed Thing I'll not deign."



A BAD SPELL

A Tourist, on reaching Cadiz,
Had a Dentist extract all his Tiz.

I have heard that he said,
Without these in the haid,
The Language one spoke with more Eiz.

TURNED DOWN

A dissolute Person from Lynn—
Long Years had he wallowed in Synn.

Time came for St. Peter
To read the Man's Meter—
You've guessed that he didn't get ynn.

TAME SPORT

There was an old Woman in Wales,
Whose Pastime was hunting for Snails.

Had a singular Way
Of bagging her Prey—
She speared them with ten-penny Nails.

SEMI-QUAVERS



MARTYRDOM

Martyrs, in the early days,
Were put to death in various ways.
Some, fast bound by neck and heel,
Were broken on the cruel wheel.
And there are those, who, even yet,
Go broke upon the wheel Roulette.

FISHERMAN'S LUCK

When Jonah went aboard the ship,
To make that record fishing trip,
He little thought that he would be
The one to gain celebrity.

He was, no doubt, thrown overboard
Because the crew was over-bored.
We all know what became of Jonah,
But what of ship, ship's crew, and owner?

BEADLE, BEAGLE, AND DEEDLE

Mr. Deedle owned a beagle,
Keeping which was quite illegal,
For he never paid a license on the hound:
So one day a Beadle haughty,
Said to Deedle: "This is naughty,
And I cannot let your dog run loose around."

Then this Beadle, mien quite regal,
Took away from D. his beagle.
The philosophy of which is clearly sound.
While a V. from Mr. Deedle,
The authorities did wheedle,
As it takes about that sum to make a pound.

AN ABSCONDER

There was a crooked man, and he ran a crooked
 mile
To throw pursuing sleuth hounds off the scent.
He carried off the swag in one enormous bag,
And no one, to this day, knows where he went.

ERUDITION vs. OSTENTATIOUS WEALTH

Of scholars I have known, not any
Were in the class with Dr. Penny.
The wisdom which this man possessed
Exceeded that of all the rest;
The foolishness of Caleb Pound
In inverse ratio—as profound.
If judged by canons of the mart,
To gain vast wealth were life's chief part.
The insignificance of pence
Compared with pounds is evidence
Mere learning has but little chance
Wherever Mammon leads the dance.

A RAKE-OFF

Though deep the snow, I came one day
Upon Maud Muller, raking hay.
The fact were passing strange, I'll own,
Had this same hay but been new mown.
But Maud, to feed the horse and cow,
Was raking it from off the mow.

O, PSHAW

A NEAR NUDE

Now, if George Bernard Shaw
Wished to pose in the raw,
As he sat in his tub
For that now famous scrub,
While as Art 'twas not fine—
That *his* look-out, not mine.
As a pose for the nude
It was certainly crude;
For 'twas nothing but just
His head, shoulders and bust.

THE KEY-NOTE

Without a doubt A flat's the key
In which to *do* "My Rosary."
Note notes chromatically changed,
As in key's signature arranged.
To all musicians this must seem
An interesting color scheme.



B. C. Hilliam



THE PERFECTLY OBVIOUS

“I’se Mary Anna Lamb,” she cried—
This maid of ebon hue.
“No need to ask, then,” I replied
“Whose little lamb are ewe.”

“Your father was, ’tis plain to see,
The black sheep of his family.”
This fine conceit so touched my tickle,
I forthwith gave the child a nickel.

AN UNINTENTIONAL HOMICIDE

I bought a little monkey
To send my little niece.
Seems funny that her nunky
Thus caused her sad demise.

Lead poison was what killed her—
The paint was daubed so thick
On monkey I way-billed her.
You see ’twas on a stick.

OBEDIAH!



OBEDIAH

“Now, Obediah, you come straight here!”
The voice rings out both shrill and clear.

But Obediah respondeth not,
For Obediah is wise, I wot.

“Guess I kin tell,” said Obediah,
“Whenever fat is in the fire.”

CAUSE FOR THANKFULNESS

“Sad, indeed,” moaned the Mole,
As he dug for his hole,
“It is to be blind.” “True; yet sadder”
Said the sensible Bat,
“If added to that,
You and I were as deaf as the Adder.”

IN THE GRAND CANYON

AN ALLEGED RONDEAU

Standing near that awful chasm,
Little Ellen had a spasm.
Little Ellen often has 'em.

When Little Ellen had this spasm,
She stood a bit too near the chasm.
Now Little Ellen never has 'em.

LETTERED

There was a man—his name was p.p.
And he was very y.y.
He knew enough to cross his t.t.
And also dot his i.i.
One thing to do, though, he'd ref-u.u.
He would not mind his p.p. and q.q.

Who ever made our a.b.c.c.
He, too, was very y.y.
Suppose we had to dot our t.t.
And always cross our i.i.?
I know that sailors cross the c.c.
And they may do so if they plea-e.e.

THE SUBTLETY OF MOTHER GOOSE



No. 1

LITTLE MISS MUFFET

If Little Miss Muffet,
Who sat on a tuffet,
Had not at the spider demurred—
Instead of retreating
Had kept right on eating,
I wonder what would have oc-curd.

No. 2

SIMPLE SIMON

Had Simple Simon met the Pieman
Coming from the Fair,
S. Simon ne'er had said to Pieman:
“Let me taste your ware.”
The Pieman then, not having any,
Would not have asked to see the penny.

[*In these examples one may see
The working out of Destiny.*]

No. 3

AN EXCERPT

The sportive bovine of M. Goose,
That leapt through space and cleared the Moon,
Must know that e'en the most obtuse
Now treats the tale but as a rune.

From Camouflage we take our cue;
To Camouflage we make our bow.
It may have been the Moon was blue;
It may have been a purple cow.

SKETCHES AND TALES

WHEN I WENT WEST

My Aunt Jane, married name Driscoe,
Lives out West in San Francisco.
Ma took sick—nothing serious—
Her ill turns always weary us—
Said I made an awful racket.
Father vowed he'd warm my jacket.
But Ma thought she might stand the strain
If I was sent to stay with Jane.
So off I went, and that's how is it
I came to make Aunt Jane that visit.
Was gone from home some three months, maybe.
When I got back I found a baby.
And Ma she 'fessed, she rather guessed
What would happen, when I went West.

AT THE MUSEUM

(O.B.C.T.)

Attracted by thy bulk, each day
Behold me here my court to pay.
To be exact, I'd state, fair maid,
This courtship has to be prepaid.
For ev'ry solitary time
The management demands a dime
Ere entrance to thy court I gain.
'Tis on my purse a heavy drain.

Mountain of female loveliness,
Upon thy weight I lay great stress.
Of all the "Stars," my load thou art;
While of them thou art still a-part.
Unlike the vulgar horde who gape
And marvel at thy uncouth shape,
Transfixed, I try, with modest gaze,
To estimate thy win some weighs.
What poet was it, by the by,
Who wrote the line: "Give sigh for sigh"?
In this affair I'd put him wise,

And substitute “Give sighs for size.”
Some day I’ll come, but you’ll have flown.
A figurative phrase I’ll own:
’Twere more appropriate to say
That you’d departed—gone a weigh
To hold, elsewhere, your sov’reign sway.
Most fitting cadence for this lay.

THE ACID TEST

I met a man some time ago,
Whom I had much desired to know.
His gracious mien, and winning smile—
In him you’d swear there was no guile.
Eftsoon he asked me would I cash
His cheque. Compliance seemed most rash.
My Bank account was running low,
And yet I could not say him No.
Nine persons out of ten of those
Who read this will, of course, suppose
The cheque was worthless—as did I;
The fact I’ll not attempt deny.
But for their benefit I’ll say
The Bank declared the same O.K.

AN UNFILIAL SON

To call him vicious, who, at nine,
Could kill his Pa, and not repine,
Would be, at least, arraignment mild.
Yet, that he did, this wayward child.
While subsequent events all prove
He knew naught of the verb “to love.”
An ancient Aunt he also sent
The same way that his Father went.
Then nearly all his rel-a-tives
Gave up, in turn, their precious lives.
Almost superfluous to add
That, when grown up, he turned out bad.
Such acts as these would tend, at least,
To prove this pachyderm a beast,—
(Appropriately named Avernus.)
His future deeds need not concern us,
As they would only serve to irk us.
He, later, travelled with a Circus.

A PELAGIC TRAGEDY

I walked on the beach, within easy reach
Of a beautiful moonlit bay.

And the Sun beat down on my poor bald
crown—

'Twas a fearsome mid-August day.

As I strolled along I trolled a song,
In sundry and various keys.

But never a word from my lips was heard,
For as fast as they came they would freeze.

At the turn of the tide were a groom and a bride
Enjoying their brief honeymoon.

Forgive me, I pray, for neglecting to say
That the Month of the Year was June.

And many a stare at that radiant pair
Gave I from under my hat.

Try hard as I dared, I never once shared
A breath of their soulful chat.

C H U C K L E S

It happened so quick, and the tears fall thick,
E'en now as I picture the scene.

A monstrous big wave dashed them both to
one grave—
Old Ocean that grave will keep green.

The sea claimed its own, while I, turned to
stone,
Made a wild, demoniacal grab.
Alas! 'Twas too late—both had gone to their
fate.
The jelly-fish and the poor crab.

A TALE OF THE ROAD

1

I walked a lonely country road,
And sat me down to rest.
The Sun was sinking à la mode
Adown the Crimson West.

2

The day and I were both far spent.
My feet were very sore.
Since sun-up they at least had went
Some thirty miles or more.

3

My grammar here is badly spliced?
True poets ne'er lack nerve.
Though sense itself be sacrificed,
The rhyme they will preserve.

4

The day had been intensely hot—
But one of many such—
The Earth was like a melting pot.
Sol had her in his clutch.

5

As I was taking of mine ease,
The sound of wheels drew nigh.
I raised myself upon my knees,
And cocked my weather eye.

6

When tramping on the road, care-free,
To dangers I'm not blind;
So keep things well in front of me,
Nor leaving much behind.

7

And then, as if at my behest,
Although of course 'twas not,
The carriage, when it came abreast,
Stopped short right on the spot.

8

I said: now then to find the cause:
No sooner said than done.
Right in the teeth of all known laws,
The source and mouth were one.

9

The horse, a sorry beast at best,
A skeleton, almost,
Laid down, and, as you may have guessed,
Just yielded up the ghost.

10

A couple in the carriage sat,
And they were face to face.
Nor seemed to know where they were at.
An aggravated case.

Perforce the labial contact showed
Ignition at some head,
But not enough to move the load.
The spark-plug had gone dead.

THE SAD TALE OF TENDER-HEARTED PETER B.

I sing the tale as told to me
Of tender-hearted Peter B.

At sight of blood he'd turn quite faint,
As some will do at smell of paint.

The strangest thing about it is
To find him in the butcher biz.

He did not kill the steers and such,
For that were asking over-much.

The patient kine might chew the cud
Till crack o'doom, e'er he'd shed blood.

'Tis easy for the active mind
Convenient loop-holes though to find.

He hired a man to do that job,
And paid him weekly fifteen bob.

Most business men proclaim their line
O'er door of shop on gilded sign.

No sign of sign his shop did grace,
One simply had to know the place.

For Peter could not bear to see
His name on letters bold and free.

For at the sight he'd throw a fit.
You deem this foolish? Wait a bit!

He might as well have tried to kill,
As try receipt a single bill.

C H U C K L E S

So, for this reason, you can see
His terms were strictly C.O.D.

At last things came to such a pass,
He could not use a looking glass.

To see himself reflected there
Would cause to stand on end each hair—

Or would, had he not worn a wig,
Which proved him something of a prig.

Now comes the part my halting verse
Had really rather not rehearse.

Biographers may have no choice;
Their subject's lives they have to voice.

If one has ever tried to shave,
He knows, if he his face would save,

He has to stand before a glass,
And watch most carefully each pass

Of razor over cheek and jowl,
An even then he'll sometimes howl.

In forceful language he'll express
His state of mind, with some excess.

So Peter now, with savage oath,
Tries hard to scrape a three week's growth.

Eschewing mirrors, fails to see
His precious physiognomy.

There are some scenes my feeble pen
May not depict. Consider then

The distance—not so very far—
From one's own chin to jugular.

Twelve tried and true, with Thomas Baines
As Foreman, sat on his remains.

And from the inquest 'twould appear,
His throat was cut from ear to ear.

ADDENDUM

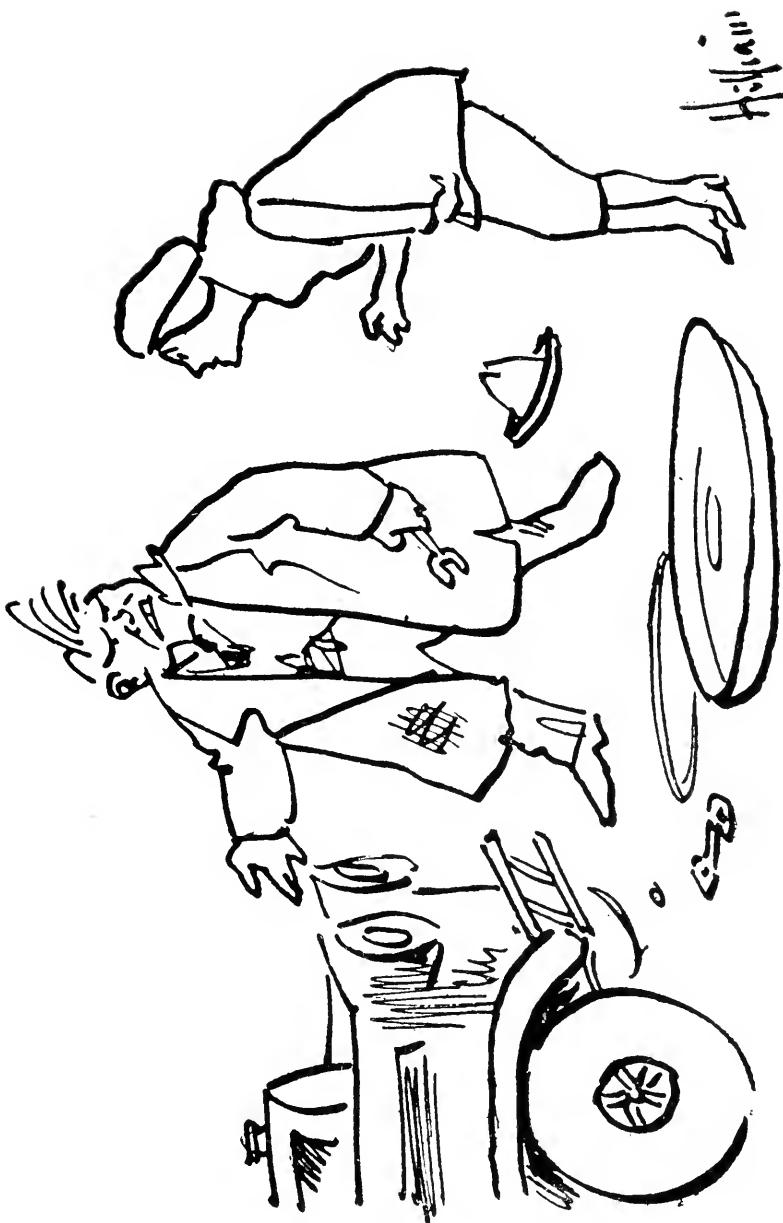
Let those who have the time to spare
These leger lines peruse with care.

Of light they should let in a flood.
His name in full was Peter Blood.

IN CONCLUSION

*To say I think my verse is great,
I'll frankly own I'd hesitate.
Still, I'm content if in this chaff
The Reader finds e'en half a laugh.*





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